CASTINE
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1843

Rev. A. A. Phelps.
Boston.
Mass.

Mother wishes to be remembered to you and your family, and would have been very happy to have had Mrs Tryon come down with you.

And now to the principal object I had in view in commencing this letter. You say you are well. I am very glad to hear it, and am anxious you should continue so. You remember when last you came to Maine, you were but poorly prepared to meet our climate. The cold weather is now coming on in earnest, and therefore do not fail, whatever may be the temperature in Boston, to come to Castine warmly clad in flannels, and overcoat, and whatever else is needful to keep out our chilling breezes. I have two pairs of nice long white woolen stockings for you, a present from mother, and I want you to wear some as thick as your home.

I have just been looking at Augusta's cards, — two sets of them, "Mr & Mrs. Woodbridge Odlin," and "Mrs. Woodbridge Odlin." I said nothing of the latter kind to you, but would it not be well to have some struck off, if it is not too late, — in the same style as the others? I think yours are far prettier than these. If you can see Mercy, will you ask her to get as small a bandbox for my bonnet, as will hold it, and I suppose you will be troubled to take charge of it. You did not tell me what you thought about going to Exeter. Mr. Odlin and Augusta are very anxious that we should accompany them home, and spend Friday in Exeter, and he is making his arrangements accordingly.

I am anxious to hear what new thing you have been plotting in New-York. The cords which are to draw you thither seem to be continually multiplying and strengthening, and I have now but very little hope of any other home than New-York for my future residence. However, we know not what time may bring forth. Perhaps a far more lowly one awaits me. I will not fret. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Is your mother ready to receive me, and what does Edward say to having a third mother? Poor child, I sadly fear that I know not how to perform a mother's part to him; but I do feel for him. For Lucy I do not feel so anxious, but Edward is so old. I scarcely know how to begin. But I must stop. I suppose I shall not hear from you again, before I see you on Saturday next.

Yours truly,

Lucy T. Little.

Miss Lucy T. Little,
Castine, Sept. 30. 1844.

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Castine Sept 30th 1844.

Dearest brother,

I know not as you expect another letter from me, but be that as it may, I mean you shall have one. I received your last Saturday morning, and Monday last left Ellsworth in company with Lorette for Castine. Poor Abby, how could I leave her? She will see many a sad and lonely hour during the coming winter, and think you I shall see some, when I shall wish I was with her! I am in hopes she will be with us on the ninth, but it is doubtful whether she can. We shall probably see some of the Ellsworth friends. These last weddings of our family, will call together as many as can consistently leave their homes. One or more of Mr. Odlin's brothers are expected, and his daughter Anna, will most probably come down in the same boat with yourself. All our relatives in Castine, which are not many, are to receive an invitation to witness the ceremony, and perhaps, Augusta's Sabbath School teacher, beside, — no one else. Mr. Odlin spent the day with us yesterday, as you wished to do, but left this morning. I spent rather a more quiet night last night, than I did just one year ago. Mr. O. has engaged Mr. Thurston to be here at the appointed time, "to marry Mr. Phelps" And by the by, the last Sabbath you were cried here, it was done in the Universalist Church, which has given Mr. Odlin quite an opportunity to joke me. "An Orthodox clergyman," he says, "cried in a Universalist Church. What an idea!" I think it will disturb you just as much as it does me. Where were you published, and how? Lorette has been sick ever since we came from Ellsworth, — threatened with a fever, and I don't know but I ought to say, has had one. She is now lying in the bed by my side, and though some better, is still quite sick, and I fear it will be some time before she can get up again.